

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

An Advocate of Universal Religion and a Co-worker with all Free Churches.

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Editorial

*The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is "Onward;" no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the Worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter.* TENNYSON.

A VERY interesting departure in church work is described by Prof. Proctor Hall in the *Tabor*, Ia., *College Monthly*. According to this plan, which has been accepted by the two *Tabor* churches, every church member is to be assessed fifty cents per month, and in return is entitled to free medical attendance and \$3.00 a week during illness, and the church assumes the entire funeral expense in case of a death. The attempt is to bring into the hands of the church the humane activities usually divided up among organizations more or less distinct from the church, which, as a rule, only comes to the fore when cases of misfortune are almost, if not quite hopeless. Prof. Hall would like to see such organization as he describes so common among the churches that an international alliance could be formed, by means of which travelers needing assistance could receive it from the local churches; and it is suggested that denominational prejudice would fade away in the bright light of this "pure religion, and undefiled."

AN interesting occurrence reported quite fully in the *Woman's Journal* for March 10 is the examination and ordination of Mrs. Amelia A. Frost by a Universalist council at Littleton, Mass. She seems to have been examined at unusually great length,

but her native ability and woman's wit carried her through successfully. Some of the questions and answers were as follows:

MR. B.—Does the church exist for the world, or the world for the church?

MRS. F.—The church exists entirely for the world.

MR. VOORHEES.—What is sin?

MRS. F.—"Wilful violation of a known law."

ANOTHER MINISTER.—Do you read the Bible in the originals?

MRS. F.—I know enough Greek to look out a difficult word, but I think if I keep up with the best translations I shall do pretty well.

MR. GREY.—What is your theory of the Atonement?

MRS. F.—I have no "theory." I don't much believe in "theories," Mr. Grey. When Christ's whole life, death, resurrection and glory are received as a factor in one's life, that is accepting the Atonement.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN.—Do you believe in infant baptism?

MRS. F.—When the Gospels tell of whole families being baptized, I think the baby was included.

The inevitable question which every one had expected all the morning was propounded by an elderly delegate who had the air of asking the unanswerable: "I should like to ask Mrs. Frost if she believes that the Bible points toward woman preaching, or if it were ever intended she should preach?"

MRS. F.—It seems so in my own case.

DELEGATE—I had hoped Mrs. Frost would be able to give some Bible warrant.

MRS. F.—"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."

WE have refrained from expressing satisfaction at the conviction of Boss McKane, the Long Island autocrat, because we feared that an ill judged mercy might at the last moment save him from the fate his conduct merited. Now that he is in the penitentiary, we congratulate the American people. We are glad that his record as Sunday-school superintendent and as a kind-hearted man in private life did not save him. His position as a teacher of religion and morality made his conduct the more reprehensible; and his private virtues only made it the more necessary that his public crimes should receive the full penalty of the law, lest men should come to think that criminal laws are only for those who are prompted to wrong-doing by an evil disposition—the result, perhaps, of inheritance or of a neglected or poisoned youth—and not also for those who have lovable traits and worthy friends and relatives.

FRIENDS of the Indians are warmly urged by the Indians Rights Association to press upon their representatives in Congress and the Secretary of the Interior the importance, at this juncture, of encouraging the Navajo Indians in their efforts to become civilized. Lieut. Plummer the agent at Fort Defiance, Arizona, in letters to Secretary Welsh, of the I. R. A. (1305 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.) presents facts and arguments in sup-

port of the association's contention. Mr. Welsh himself writes as follows:

The Navajo Indians...have reached a critical point in their progress to civilized life. It seems of the utmost importance that at this moment, when, partly in consequence of the recent trip which some of their number took to Chicago through the instrumentality of this Association, they show so great a disposition to cultivate their land and to accept education for their children, they should be wisely and generously encouraged. If, on the contrary, they are discouraged by a failure to receive necessary farming implements and other requirements for progress, the results will be unfortunate, not alone for the Indians themselves, but for the white settlements which surround them.

THE late William F. Poole, LL. D., of the Newberry Library, to whom American educators owe very much, wrote an article on "The Waste in Modern Educational Methods," which, since his death, has been published in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. It is interesting and, we think, valuable; calling attention particularly to the wastefulness of modern methods of studying languages, and comparing the present state of affairs, when nineteen is the average age for a Harvard freshman, and the average college graduate can neither write nor speak Latin, with the earlier day when boys entered Harvard at thirteen and were then able to speak Latin freely. Of course the speaking of Latin is not education; but as long as Latin and other languages are made a part of education, it would seem wise to have children acquire the power of understanding and speaking and thinking in these languages at that early age when the acquisition of a language is gained with the greatest readiness and in the shortest space of time.

LAST year UNITY called attention to the method occasionally pursued by liberal ministers—notably by Mr. Payne, of Berkeley, Cal.—to spread their gospel by hiring a column in one of the local papers, and suggested that the plan might be widely followed. At present we know of but one minister in the Mississippi valley who follows this plan. Mr. Stevens, of Perry, Ia., conducts a column very successfully in the *Perry Chief*. One of Mr. Stevens' parishioners informs us, that, although the editor of the *Chief* is a member of the Methodist church, the arrangement has been a very agreeable and successful one. There has been a little adverse criticism, and some of the other papers in the state have commented on the procedure, but hardly a subscriber has been lost to the editor on account of his contract with the Unitarians, and Mr. Stevens' articles have been so fair and so judicious that they have done much to open

the eyes of the people and yet have aroused little, if any, ill feeling in the ranks of the Orthodox. We are informed that several Orthodox names are on the subscription list to build the Unitarians a home. In Perry, then, the appeal to the press seems a success.

A People's Resurrection.

A recent correspondent regrets that *UNITY* does not dwell more upon the assurances of immortality and implies that this life would be all forlorn without the sanctions and encouragements of a life beyond. Perhaps *UNITY*, like its editor, is too much given to assuming, rather than discussing the great fundamental postulates of the soul. God, Immortality, Love and Duty we take for granted, knowing that unless they are verities apprehended by the soul, no argument or so-called "proofs" can do much towards enabling the soul to comprehend them. And then we are so enamored of the certainties of this life, so encouraged by the progress being made here and inspired by the opportunities which this world offers, that we confess to a reluctance to any emphasis that would seem to disparage or discount the appreciation of the present. In common with Christendom we share the Easter emotions which are quickened by the thought of an arisen life, and we love to find evidences of the spirit's resurrection outside the gospel pages, beyond the uncertainties of the miraculous. The fuzzy catkins on the willows, the shy anemone in the fence corner, the violet on the hillslope, the white and red revelations of apple and peach tree, all suggest resurrections beyond as well as within their pale.

But the fields of human nature have their budding, blooming and growing resurrections, not measured by the solar year; a twelvemonth is too short a time to measure the changes in the cycle measured by a century.

The editor sends his Easter greetings to *UNITY* readers from a vantage ground of thirty years' measurement. Seeking a few days respite from Chicago weather and Chicago care, he has been indulging in reminiscences of the war, quickened by his presence on the spots where thirty-one years ago he measured life by a soldier's experience and felt the profundities of the soul as presented upon the battlefield. Thirty-one years ago, come May, he was a part of Grant's invading column that pierced Mississippi at Grand Gulch, and, following the pillar of fire by night and the cloud of smoke by day, swung by the way of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills and Big Black, around Vicksburg, and finally, after forty-seven days of siege, entered the starved citadel.

This week he has been over much of the same ground, following the very line of march from Jackson to Vicksburg, with wife and daughter accompanying him, re-enforcing memory, on the way, by reading the diary written by the soldier boy at the places of bivouac. Then an army of thirty thousand contested his right to travel the forty-five miles

between Jackson and Vicksburg and it took five days' fighting to get there. Now the livery men of Jackson vied with each other for the privilege of sending him (for a consideration) over the route in a carriage in two days. Then it was a great boon to be permitted to lie down under the open sky and in the mud for a few hours' sleep, now the best bed was at his disposal. Then only contrabands among the natives gave cordial reception; now judges and colonels, ladies and gentlemen, gave cordial fellowship. Instead of foraging at Jackson, the editor went to a "Dog Show," which, instead of the brutalizing dog show of the old regime, where the contest of brutes inflamed the brutal instincts in man, was a dog show of the new day, in which the powers of mind so assert themselves in the canine nature that they almost become human, and quite humanized the large throng that came to witness what education can do even for a dog.

At Champion Hills the battlefield was the scene of cotton planting. At Vicksburg the grim heights of Haines Bluff, from which "Whistling Ben" used to try to command the river, looks down upon a National Cemetery,—a "God's acre" that is indeed marvelously beautiful. Its terraced sides a triumph of landscape gardening. Well may the grim severities of the awful siege be forgotten and forgiven by the city which now finds its most beautiful park and lovely place of resort where are interred sixteen thousand five hundred and eighty-six soldiers of the Union, twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven of whom rest in unnamed graves.

Vicksburg, the hill city, is fast becoming a beautiful city, greater in population and commercial significance than it ever was before. The scars of war are now among its "relics," to be shown with pride, and to be preserved with a growing sense of their historic significance.

These lines are written at Vicksburg's new hotel, Hotel Carroll, complete and beautiful in all its equipments. The bill of fare of '94 has this slender connection with the bill of fare of '63—that day we had bean soup, to-day we had *Puree of Beans*. In an hour we start up the Mississippi River; we will pass by Milliken's Bend, Yazoo Pass and Helena to Memphis, but this letter must go before we start.

Mississippi has still its perplexities and to northern eyes its humiliations. Its farming methods are wretched. Its public schools, measured by northern standards, are few and poor, its toiling classes, both colored and white, are too often shiftless and indolent. The state consciousness is still, as might be expected, stronger than the national consciousness, and to be a Mississippian is regarded as a greater honor than to be a citizen of the United States.

But Mississippi now raises more cotton than ever before. The atrocities of the slave market are at an end, and no one would have it back. Colored children, with school books, on their way to school, were frequently encountered. The adjustments of labor and capital are under way here as

elsewhere. While proud of the traditions of heroism gathered under the "stars and bars," the logic of the war is accepted as benign, and the stars and stripes are a welcome, an honored, and in the main a beloved emblem.

Surely here is a resurrection!—a rising up—an Easter outlook.

Vicksburg, March 16, 1894.

The Theologians and the Higher Criticism.

What has been said of the Bourbons that they have forgotten nothing and learned nothing, is clearly applicable to some of our most noted theologians. In fact, they have been busy corroborating the old charge that theology is incapable of keeping pace with the sciences and philosophy. The lectures delivered by President Harper, of the University of Chicago, on the opening chapters of Genesis, have again been one of the occasions which some of the champions of the Lord seem utterly incapable of allowing to pass without displaying both their mistaken zeal and their bottomless ignorance. The wonderfully exhaustive literature on Biblical subjects which the fruit of German and British scholarship has revolutionized the old erroneous views on the Bible, seems never to have come to the ken of these valiant protagonists of Orthodoxy, both uncompromising and foolish, perhaps stupid. The secret of Ingersoll's magnetic hold on the masses is now explained. His method is the natural reaction upon the dogmatism of the churches. The information which is the prerequisite without which the most unpretentious village vicar in Germany is not permitted to enter upon his duties, must have been absolutely beyond the reach of our Doctors of Divinity, occupants though they be of metropolitan pulpits.

If the works of the great path-finders in this field had been exclusively in German or strictly technical, we should not expect to find here never so superficial an acquaintance with the contents. For of what language besides his own has the average American clergyman even a reading knowledge? Or how far has he gone in his professional studies to understand the more rigidly technical expositions of his own professional "science?" But most of the more important books on Biblical criticism are translated, and others, and these by no means of secondary value, were originally composed in English. Moreover, the presentations in popular form are not few. Robertson Smith's matchless contributions, Driver's and Cheyne's various expositions, and numerous articles in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* are among the best of this kind. And still, this utter ignorance in church circles on matters of such vital consequence to them! The typical theologian is, indeed, *Rip Van Winkle redivivus!* He sleeps when the world of thought moves on! He evolves from his inner consciousness and assumes authoritative knowledge to protest against statements made by scholars, who would not dare speak unless they had a thorough command of all philological and

historical details bearing in any degree whatever on the matter in hand.

If any criticism is to be passed on Dr. Harper's lectures, it is most assuredly NOT to object to his Radicalism. He is, among Biblical critics, of the more conservative school. For one at home in the literature of Biblical research, his position is anything but startling. The president of our university was carrying coal to New Castle; or, to use the Rabbinical equivalent of the proverb, straw to Egypt. That the Bible is not a manual of natural science, or geography or history even, was a common conviction among scholarly men, antedating even the dawn of the "Higher Criticism." Dr. Harper is incontrovertibly right when he calls attention to the fact that the Semitic mind does not run to scientific analysis; nature's puzzles and phenomena did not burden his curiosity to the extent to which they attracted the attention of the Aryans. Natural Science had its birthplace among the Indo-Europeans. The Semites are original in the domain of religious thought. It was, undoubtedly, a religious interest which sponsored the Astronomy or Astrology of the (Semitic?) star-gazers in the Mesopotamian plains; as later on, the Arabs and Jews were drawn by religious speculation to cultivate philosophy; or as similar motives induced the Rabbis of the Mishnic-Talmudical centuries to go to a certain degree into the details of plant-nature and the fixation of the calendar. To write a botanical treatise for its own sake would not have occurred to an old Semite. Semite, of course, should not be confounded with Jew, in the modern sense of the word. Not the scientific aptitude of the now living Jew is at issue. The scientific range of interest of the writers of the Biblical traditions is. And of scientific methods there is no indication in Biblical literature.

And again, it was and is almost a commonplace among competent specialists, that the text of the Biblical records, as come to us, has undergone all the vicissitudes to which every other old literary document had to submit. The Hebrew text is corrupt in many places, and sometimes beyond comprehension, in consequence. The perplexities of the Hebrew language are also many. Second-hand knowledge, through the medium of even the revised English version, will do for laymen and *dilettanti*. But the least that may be expected of one who would speak authoritatively on Biblical subjects, is the ability to read the original text; and to interpret it by the canons of philology and the rules of Hebrew grammar. Have Dr. Harper's critics, even to the most moderate degree, these qualifications which alone confer the right to be heard in this court? Who is more likely to know of these things, one who has earned an enviable reputation as one of the foremost Semitic linguists, or one who, though a successful pastor, has never made an original contribution to Biblical or Hebrew scholarship.

The Bible is to a certain extent, even in its so-called historical books, not a treatise on

history, or history in the more technical sense of the word. The correspondences found in the Assyrio-Babylonian annals and inscriptions may be many; but the very study of historiography among these neighbors and conquerors of old Israel has also revealed the peculiar method pursued in these remote times, by the Jews nor less than by the "kings of Sumer and Akkad." Certain it is that the early chapters of Genesis are not history and do not pretend to be. Their value lies in the religious ideas worked into the tradition. Their comparison with the similar accounts in other literatures brings out at once what the Hebrew stories have in common with them, the same material of myth and physical conceptions, and geographical innocence; but also what is peculiar to the Bible presentations, the strong monotheistic bias and coloring. As in these stories, the religio-moral element is the dominant, so it is throughout the Biblical books. It is here where the characteristic value of the Bible is to be found. The Bible is *the* book of moral and religious instruction.

But even here, blind acceptance fails to do justice to this old literature. In the morals and the religion of the Bible we have also a clear advance from the lower to the higher. The conception of God in the last books is not identical with that presented by the chronologically first. We have a crude anthropomorphism as the rudimentary germ from which "in the procession of the suns," or perhaps in opposition to which, spiritual monotheism of the sublimest grasp was evolved. Nor is the moral tone and outlook equally high, in the earliest ages and the latest periods. The periods of barbaric tribal warfare have left their footprints in these documents, as have as an offset, the nobler aspirations of the matchless exponents of Ethical religion, the Prophets. The Hebrew Bible suffers in the common vision under lack of perspective. It is not a book, but a literature. It spans fifteen centuries, at least. Strange indeed it would be were traces of development and growth absent. The great miracle is that from such unpromising beginnings, from crude Bedawin barbarism should have sprung such eternally true and inestimably high principles of humanity! The Prophets accomplished this miracle! Let criticism by all means lift the curtain! The black background of Semitic camp and shepherd life projects all the more brilliantly the grandeur and light of Prophetic religion!

It would be unjust to deny or even to conceal that there is also a conservative school of Bible students, well equipped for their task. Keil and Delitzsch, and Sam. Ives Curtis, and Green, Volk and Muehlau and Strack and Klostermann occur to memory as brilliant spokesmen of the other side of the house. But how utterly different are the methods of these men from those pursued by the critics of President Harper! Theirs is the quiet tone of investigators, the full understanding of opposed points of view. Theirs is as wide a scholar-

ship as is their competitors'. With our home orthodox-would-be-popes they have nothing in common. These speak from the fulness of their ignorance. They would compensate for lack of comprehension by loudness of vituperation. And not all of this kind are Evangelical Christians. Some Jews for ignorance and fanaticism are entitled to front seats. Religion might well say of them: "God save me from my friends!" E. G. H.

A Word about Libraries.

It is difficult for the few people who live in a house full of books, overflowing with magazines, and fairly snowed under with newspapers, to appreciate the poverty of village and country life in this respect. Many of us remember the scarcity of books in our childhood, and the dry-as-dust character of the few accessible. It was "Literature Suited to Desolate Islands," such as Lowell describes, if indeed it was suitable to any place in all the wide creation. But some of us lived on it, and enjoyed it, as Robert Collyer did the old missionary reports which were his chief stock of reading in childhood. But even we who endured such privation in our youth can hardly believe in the present destitution of multitudes, when we remember the multiplicity of books at the present time, and their unparalleled cheapness.

The destitution remains, nevertheless, and it is the young who suffer. Middle-aged people who did not read in their youth, do not care for books. They learn to like newspapers but comparatively few like books. Their children often hunger for them and hunger in vain. Even people of means refuse to buy books for their children, or buy so ignorantly that the money is thrown away. Many bright boys and girls, who would make good readers if books were accessible, grow up in ignorance because there is nothing at hand. The only remedy is libraries, and those who know the need, and the worth of books to the lives of the people, must, in some way, furnish them.

The first need is the school library, and that is an almost universal need. In Wisconsin a law is on the statute books which requires the school board to establish one in every school district; but it is one of those laws which are a dead letter. Comparatively few school boards have made any move to carry out the provisions of the law,—which is not very wisely formed, I am told. If more interest can be excited in the subject, a better law can no doubt be enacted. The sum allowed to be expended is too small for much good to be accomplished; but even a dozen books would be a Godsend to many school districts, and would create a demand for more. And what a noble use to put our superfluous books to, to contribute them to such libraries, or to send them to the homes where they are so much needed!

I wish that every UNITY reader would go through his library, and lay out the books which he no longer uses, or needs, or enjoys,—and see what a large number they would be. In many cases these volumes merely cumber

the shelves. They are old editions of things he has now in better shape, or they are the juveniles of the now grown-up and absent children, or they are a miscellaneous lot, of no particular value to him. But scarcely one of the books is really useless, if it were but in the right place. They would be considered treasures in many homes. Of course I know there are books which are worse than useless, and have no proper place in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. But I don't think the *UNITY* readers have stored up many of this kind, and I am sure their cast-off books, like their cast-off clothing, would be of a good quality, and acceptable in many places. Don't let us hoard up these things, but scatter them abroad, with our magazines, our best papers, our cheap pictures, and the many things we have which we can so easily spare and which are so much needed in the waste places. And let us all enter with renewed zeal into the building up of small libraries everywhere. Not a village or a hamlet should be left unsupplied with good reading, in these days of cheap and excellent books.

H. T. G.

Contributed and Selected

A Prayer.*

BY ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Infinite Nearness! Thee I see revealed
In song of bird, the flower at my door,
The happy laughter of a little child,
The star at night, the pebble on the shore!
Each unto each allied, and all to thee!
Thou tender, loving, grand reality,—
Who art so-near, so near!

Mystery shrouds thee, but to-day I saw
Thee mirrored in a glance of mother-love;
A bitter word, unsaid, brought God-born strength
Akin to that for which the martyrs strove;
And, growing from a small, unselfish deed,
Came that rare peace for which the angels plead,—
So near thou art, so near!

Infinite Nearness! Tell me not of God
Who dwells afar, apart, in other spheres,—
My Father's here! He shares my common life,
Inspires my duties and allays my fears;
And when night falls, like tired child I creep
Into his arms, who loveth all, to sleep,—
He is so near, so dear!

*Republished by request.

Mediate and Immediate Providence.

BY DR. R. W. CONANT.

Why should mankind be so infatuate with belief in special Providence! When all goes well, when skies are bright, when health and wealth all come your way, it is no doubt a self-complacent thought that powers above both work and fight for you.

But oftener trouble comes. Dollars are few and friends are fewer; or even worse, death, sickness, or disgrace spreads over you its thick black pall. Then comes a frightful struggle in the heart of the believer to "kiss the chastening rod," and say, "Thy will be done." The mother lifts her streaming eyes to Heaven above the form of her one darling, stricken by a swift and loathsome plague, and wrestles with her bleeding heart to make it say, "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." The strong man bows beneath a cyclone of disaster, sees his dearest starving and he himself all powerless to help, and strives to force his heart to say: All this affliction is inflicted by a loving Father.

But often human nature is too strong. Belief which seemed so easy and so reasonable in days of brightness now seems ghoulish, the heart rebounds to the extreme of unbelief. Pious friends, themselves quite prosperous, are shocked at such apostasy. At last perhaps the old belief revives, more often the disaster is irreparable.

And all this mental struggle, moral loss, must still go on; for what? To perpetuate belief in "special Providence"! It has been a part of all religions to see God's hand in everything unusual, whether good or ill, and it has, of course, been always to the interest of the clergy to foster this belief with all their power. This notion once extended to every plague, to every storm, to all disasters of whatever kind, and there are many even now who cannot drop this relic of a barbarous age. The intelligent, however, not slaves to superstition, see in small-pox no cause for prayers but for vaccination, in yellow fever no place for vows and offering but for quarantine and germicides, for cyclones they build storm-cellars, and for Jove's thunderbolts they run up lightning rods. Yet these same people, if the case be changed, if affliction is confined to them instead of being general, become as superstitious as South Sea Islanders, and well believe they are the personal objects of a wrath Divine. How much better to extend to individual afflictions the scientific explanation so many will allow to what is general only. Which is better, when I sicken, to believe that I am stricken by the hand of God as an act of special providence, or that I am suffering the consequences of my ignorance or folly? Disaster overtakes me. Does God punish me directly for some sin, or have I been trifling with some cosmic law?

But some may say, it matters little? In the first place, responsibility is put where it belongs, on the shoulders of the individual, and the "victim" of Divine displeasure is forbid to plead the baby act. It takes away a premium from pious shiftlessness, and puts it on the honest self-reliance of every man and woman.

Secondly, it takes away that monstrous notion that a heavenly Father directly, purposely strikes down youth, beauty, innocence, and goodness, or, more inhuman still, heaps untold outrage, suffering, and disgrace on innocent and guilty souls alike. The human heart has always shrunk from such a monstrous thought, and always will, even although it may succeed in stifling protest under plea of ultimate beneficent designs.

The scientific view, or, what is much the same, good common-sense, removes this inconsistency. Personal afflictions just as much result from natural causes as cosmic cataclysms. A well-beloved child exposed to an infection, is ruthlessly attacked and slain by myriads of disease germs with the same impartiality if child of saint or sinner; that will signify not one iota. No amount of faith or piety, or purity of life and character, will save the man or woman who picks up a "live" electric wire. Effect must follow cause in every case, the sequence of causation is not suspended by any supernatural power for any cause.

Yet the human heart clings ever to the thought that God is personal, and indeed it is the great foundation stone of all religion. Must we then displace our God by natural forces, ruthlessly and blindly acting? That does not follow, as some so rashly would assume, desperately repelling the sensible and scientific view because they fear it robs them of belief in God. For, first, the laws of nature are God's laws, no separation can there be, and as Creator of the universe he just as truly rules his world as if he were

forever meddling, breaking laws which he himself ordained. God must be self-consistent. But his perfect prescience makes his creative act and all its consequences, which seem to our frail finiteness divided by a gulf so vast of time and space, as all present and all one. The centuries of human history, which seem so long to us *ephemeræ*, are to his infinite and perfect comprehension as instantaneous as we call the interval between a thought conceived and thought in action.

But for many this is not enough. They wish to feel the immanent and constant presence of a higher power, protecting, helping, warning. But such belief need not conflict with the most rigid scientific view. We think we know ourselves, but he who has an honest and a fearless introspection, knows full well that there are many things within his soul not dreamed in any science. We know a little of our earth-turned side, but what lies toward the spaces of infinity is a lunar land of mystery. Of this no wise man dogmatizes. He knows too well the thronging impulse from that shadowy land, hopes, joys, fears, curses, prayers. On that mysterious side where human souls lie open to the infinite, the Holy Spirit strives with man, the still small voice is heard, and there, mayhap, the spirits of darkness are allowed to whisper their allurements. Who shall say he knows the source of all the thoughts, both good and ill, which rise so strangely in his mind from depths unfathomed! We call it "automatic cerebration," "association of ideas," or some such polysyllabic phrase, and hug ourselves to think we are so wise.

But every soul must make its choice. Even Omnipotence refuses to force its will upon its frail but free-willed child. If it choose to turn a deaf ear to the pleading Spirit, that voice grows ever faint and farther, while the eager whispers of temptation throng bolder and more near. Some men have made at last the great discovery that spiritual forces are mightiest in the world; the All-wise knew this from the first and rules his world without recourse to gross, material force. To pray for cold or hot, for wet or dry, is idle; God will not stop the action of the universe in our behalf, as some, so childishly entreat. The sun has not stood still, nor ever will, for any prayer. But prayer for wise suggestion, courage, truth, is never idle. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth."

A Scene From Faust.*

BY "B."

Denton J. Snider lectured on Goethe's *Faust* Tuesday afternoon of last week at the Kindergarten College. He connected the masquerade scene—or the development of wealth by industry—with the rise of art as depicted in the scene called "The Descent to the Mothers."

The gist of it is this: A taste for art is felt when men's souls are freed from care for necessities.

Every nation has its renaissance of art. Faust has so far subjugated his negative element (Mephisto) that he is led to the threshold of the Infinite, because Mephisto always "wills the Bad but works the Good." Now, as the culture of the individual is made possible by wealth, Faust must create an art

*It may interest students of Goethe to know that a course of ten lectures on the great poet and thinker are to be given under the auspices of the Chicago Kindergarten College, March 26-31 inclusive, for which tickets may be obtained at the college, 10 Van Buren Street, or at Mc Clurg's. The lecturers include, besides Mr. Snider, Prof. Moulton, Prof. Swing, Hon. Wm. T. Harris, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Dr. H. W. Thomas, and Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman.

form—a particular image in which is a universal truth (which is true art).

Mythology is again employed by the poet—naturally Greek mythology. Faust must see the ideal in the real and embody the same, and to this end he is to descend to the mothers. What is the meaning of this mystic scene? It is the poet's conception of that state of the soul through which the Divine seeks to express itself in sensuous form. To descend to the mothers Faust must forget all externalities and retire within, when, by the light within, sometimes called creative imagination, the mothers or matrices of pure forms are discerned.

Paris and Helen, two ideal figures in Greek mythology here taken as representative, are thus to be reproduced by him in the progress of his individual culture. Helen is so beautiful that he determines to possess her for himself, a stroke of individualism which obliterates his grasp of true art, so that he falls prostrate and dumb when Mephisto temporarily recaptures him.

The next scene will resume his progress from another and necessary beginning.

Resurrection.

BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Nature now responds with gladness,
For the glorious sun is here,
She has cast aside her sadness
And her birds and flowers appear
She reveals the lesson holy
Of creation from the dust;
Leaf and blossom open slowly
Like the petals of our trust!
Then the Gospels' tender story,
How that Jesus lived and died,
Comes to us with sweeter glory,
Making happy Easter tide!
All his parables of beauty
Touch our hearts with hopes divine;
All his words of love and duty
Like the fragrant lilies shine.
Yes, he points to birds and flowers,
As a sign that God is near;
And we walk in Eden bowers
When such music meets the ear:
He has conquered death and dying,
He has risen from the grave;
All our woe is winter sighing
While the spring is here to save:
We must feel God's goodness ever;
In the face of frost and blight;
Naught from him our lives can sever,
He will bring us to the light!
Oh! how pleasant is the story,
Resurrection like the May!
Rise, O Easter, in thy glory,
Fill the world with God's glad day!

"Regarding the making of any man, much must ever remain inexplicable, for in the formation of character two forces co-operate, nor is it possible for character to be formed without this co-operation. The man enters into partnership with God, voluntarily or involuntarily, and, while much of the man's method may be understood, the ways of his divine partner are still mysterious, as when Nicodemus was puzzled thereby. 'We lie,' as Emerson tells us, 'in the lap of immense intelligence which makes us organs of its activity and receivers of its truth,' and while we may in part understand how the man fits himself for the reception of the truth, the truth he receives as the wind, which bloweth where it listeth * * * thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."—REV. STEPHEN PEEBLES, of Colorado.

In the April number of the *University Extension World* there is to appear a careful study of the Social Settlement, or, as it is generally called the "College Settlement Movement" by our new editorial contributor, Mr. H. B. Learned.

Church-Door Pulpit

Death as a Friend.

A Study of D. C. French's "Angel of Death."

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

PAUL.

Be of good cheer about death and know this of a truth, That no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death.

SOCRATES.

Why, Death, what dost thou here
This time o' the year?

O, heart ungrateful! will man never know
I am his friend and never was his foe?

All hope, all memory,
Have their deep springs in me,
And love that else might fade,
By me immortal made,

Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes.

CLARENCE COOK.

William Morris in a suggestive little book entitled "Hopes and Fears of Art," published some years ago, argued that the hope of the laborer lay in an increasing sense of the beautiful; that the toiler must find his compensation, consolation and inspiration in his struggles for the beautiful, in the sense that it was given him to contribute in greater or less degree to the beauty of the world. In short, the hope of the artisan is to be found in his making common cause with the artist. When they recognize each other as brothers, members of the one guild, toil ceases to be drudgery and the inducements to labor cease to be sordid.

This desk is devoted to the thought that art is to render a similar service to religion as that which William Morris predicts for it in the industries. Art is ameliorating dogma. The artist, more than the logician, must free the soul from the fetters of bigotry and the tyranny of creeds. The artist is to-day more and more consciously a prophet in religion, as indeed the master artists, whether they have wielded pen, brush or chisel, have always been the most intelligible spokesmen for God. Phidias made for piety as well as for beauty in ancient Greece. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci and their associates saved a church that was dying from too much prosperity. They consecrated altars that were desecrated by greed. They ameliorated the severities of ecclesiastical power. They refined the grossness of a materialistic theology. The story that Fra Angelico painted his pictures upon his knees may be one of the sacred legends of art more true than history, but one thing is beyond question, he painted so those who saw were brought to their knees. Thousands who came to admire went away adoring, not the work of the passive hand of the master, but of

The vast soul that o'er him planned."

This principle is increasingly true in modern art. Millet, Muncacksy, Hoffman, Verestchagin and their fellows are to-day recodifying the creeds of Christendom. The prophets of the brush and the evangelists of the chisel and the trestle-board are rewriting the theology of this generation. If you want to keep your faith in the total depravity of man, keep away from the art galleries. If you want to believe in a ruined world, devil-tortured, buy poor pictures; you must not familiarize yourself with the landscapes of Corot or Inness. If you want to enjoy a stately ecclesiasticism far removed from present day thought and the work-a-day world, a religion mediatorial, sacrificial, ritualistic, seeking God away from the haunts of men, go to an old church building, one constructed

in the spirit of the mediæval architects. The modern architect is learning of science and the attendant arts to construct churches of more humble arches; the vaulted ceiling and the dim religious light is giving way to sunny auditoriums, low-roofed and human. Browning speaks of the church

"With spire and sad slate roof, aloof
From human fellowship so far."

But the architects are ameliorating this aloofness. They are putting a social aspect into their roofs and constructing for us churches in which no man can be stranger. Following the subtle lines of beauty, the deft fingers of the artist find themselves, before they realize it, in direct touch with truth, seeking the harmonious. The doors of wisdom fly open, and they find, perhaps as much to their own surprise as to the surprise of the world, that truth and beauty are one. Every great picture is a revelation; every noble piece of statuary carries consciously or unconsciously a gospel message.

I want this morning to anticipate my Easter word. Let me give you now my Easter sermon, that our Easter day may be all the more thoughtful, the fuller of joy, peace and courage. Let me give it to you through the courtesy of an artist. Let it come to you in the benignity of art. Daniel French, the sculptor, has endeared himself to us in many ways. Was he not a Concord boy, a lover of Emerson? Did he not catch his spirit as he moulded the minute man that now stands

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood.

And has he not lovingly moulded for us the face of our American seer, that face in which, John Burroughs says, "there were no blanks"? Can we do other than love Daniel French who gave us that airy vision of progress, the glorious quadriga, those pioneers of the air, that, with a poise almost as buoyant as Raphael's "Hour," and more purposeful, crowned the peristyle. The peristyle and its radiant crown is, alas! no more, but that vision of strength wedded to beauty remains an imperishable contribution to the spiritual life of man. It remains in our memories as a prayer in plaster, and it will float through the world in picture, description and model, always growing richer and more beautiful, until at last, perchance,—who knows?—like the fabled Phoenix, it may rise out of its own ashes and be set aloft again in Jackson Park in some modified way that will make it still more beautiful.

Scarcely less will we love Daniel French for those stalwart peasants that guarded the approaches to the Liberal Arts Building, as they stood by the splendid craft horses of Potter. From the quadriga on the peristyle to the man with a shovel holding the impatient horse is a stretch from idealism to realism in art, and yet it is so successfully made that probably the man with a shovel quickened more ideality in the grateful tide of humanity that poured around them last summer than the plunging figures on high. We can never forget Daniel French, for did he not glorify liberty as the Queen of the Republic, reigning in her golden dignity over the grand court. But most of all will we love him for that beautiful group in relief which, I think, may be fairly said to be the master-piece in the sculptor's gallery of the World's Fair,—"The Angel of Death Staying the Hand of the Artist." You all remember it. You must often have noticed how it held in thoughtful reverence its ever-present cluster of students and admirers. Its story is an interesting one: Designed as a monument for the grave of the lamented young sculptor, Milmore, who died in Boston some years ago, it was intended to be put in marble and

placed in Mount Auburn; a destiny scarcely to be wished for it. It deserves to be put in rarest marble; it is fitting that it should commemorate a devotee of the sculptor's art, but let it be kept mid the haunts of the living, rather than relegated to the abode of the dead. Give it the shelter of the quick, rather than the ultimate and untimely defacement of the dead. Let us in imagination go again into the Art Palace at Jackson Park and look intently at this masterpiece, that we may catch its Easter message. Note the young sculptor quivering with inspiration, intense, eager, impetuous. He must not be interfered with. He cannot stop. The half-formed lines under his chisel are peremptory; he must proceed. But lo! there interposes a deeply hooded figure, strange but gracious, gentle but imperious. Her outstretched hand arouses impatience on the part of the artist; but the arrest is commanding. It stays his mallet in mid-air. The mighty wings suggest a visitant from beyond the ken of mortal. The poppy in her hand speaks of Lethean rest. There is a great change pending. A mystery strange and wonderful surrounds her. The sphinx growing so strangely beautiful under his chisel, every line in its contour a matter of such absorbing interest to him, seems to be unnoticed by her. She comes from beyond the vale which the sphinx symbolizes. She has come to solve the riddle which the sphinx propounds. He is life, living; and the sphinx is the problem of life, the mission of life, the something to do, to perfect, the goal to gain, a task to be accomplished. She is the Angel of Death. She seems apathetic to all this; to the strong young life in his veins, to the work he is striving to accomplish. Yet there is that gentleness and sympathy in her whole bearing that proves

"Contrariwise she loves both old and young,
Able and weak—affects the **very** brutes
And birds—how say I?—flowers of the field—
As a wise workman recognizes tools
In a master's workshop, loving what they make."

And still she is inexorable. Whatever her message may be, one thing is sure: it cannot be a message of hate. Whatever her mission may be, it cannot be a fell one. Death is here, but it is a friend and not a foe. Here is power inevitable, unflinching; it is not, however, malevolent, but benevolent. Here is a benign figure.

We have come to the first great and obvious lesson which this art prophet gives us. This group would have been impossible at any other period of the Christian era. It shows a conception of death quite foreign to that which has inspired what is known as Christian art as well as so-called Christian theology. The masters of brush and chisel in Christendom have heretofore reveled in the grotesque, the hideous and the hateful, whenever they have undertaken to portray death; he has been shown as a devil with hoofs and forked tail, a grinning skeleton, a pestilential shade. The ghastly skull and cross bones have been painted at the foot of many a cross, while the innumerable crucifixes, the descents and the pietas have all shown the torture, the agony, the tragedy of death. It has remained for this age of humane instincts, this age in which science comes to liberate from the fear of a lawless God, from the uncertainties of a fitful providence, from the terrors of an arbitrary hell, to restore to us the diviner conceptions of pagan Greece, which made of death twin angel of sleep, and to enlarge upon that conception, making death an inviting spirit, a welcoming angel. And is not this a blessed release, a holy enlargement? Too long has life been paralyzed by a fear of death. Too long has the grave encroached upon the living.

And is not art justified by science? This beautiful relief represents sense as well as sensibility. The common sense of the world is beginning to assert itself and organize itself into the systematized thought of science, which affirms that no matter how mysterious life may be, it cannot be meaningless. Whatever death may be it is not lawlessness. There is no fiend in all the universe, because law is everywhere. There is no devil as a personal or malevolent and independent will thwarting the purposes of the Almighty and confusing or blighting the destinies of men, because cause and effect hold unbroken sway from the perpetual ice of the polar zone to the fervid heart of Shakespeare. There is method, meaning, order, development all the way from the gold in the mountain crevice to the truth in the mind of Socrates and Emerson. There is life, loving life, aspiring life, a God-seeking and God-serving life pulsing all the way from the amoeba in a drop of water to the divine trustfulness of Jesus. And all the analogies and justifiable inferences go to prove that the same conditions remain beyond the heart of Shakespeare, the mind of Socrates and the conscience of Jesus. Some crass astronomer whose mind was still dominated with the thought of a law-breaking divinity, is reported to have said, "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and have found no God." The verdict of the modern astronomer would read, "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and I have found no devil." In all the fields of space there is law, rhythmic, benignant, divine law. And the man with a microscope says, "I have peered into the realms of littleness, penetrated the chambers of the most attenuated beings, and there I find beauty; the rose and the rainbow written small." Life is there, pulsing upward; and the student of human history goes back to lowest savage or climbs up Parnassus, and finds, all the way from cave-dweller to the maker of libraries, a common brotherhood of hope and suffering, of joy and pain, of life and death. Here, again, there is place for no devil, no breaks to let in the thunderbolts of wrath, no rents in the seamless robe of the All-Father. For humanity, like the mantle of Jesus, "is woven from the top throughout." The artist is justified, then, by science, history and philosophy, in shaping death as a friend. It is a kindly hand that stays the restless, struggling children of men, and not the hand of an enemy.

The artist is justified in this picture by the profoundest voices in literature. The poet as well as the sculptor in his highest moments regards death as a friend. It comes as an angel. The testimony of Paul and of Socrates is the testimony of bard and sage everywhere and always. And, what is much better, our own experience, slowly, reluctantly, but very surely, confirms the artist's judgment. Daniel French has but put into plaster our own experience, interpreting for us what we could not interpret for ourselves. This hooded figure has been indeed an angel to us. How it has quickened our energies! The thought that "I must do the work of Him that sent me, for the night cometh wherein no man can work," has been the inspiration of the lordly souls of the race. The thought that our time is limited is a holy spur that puts us to work. Like this young artist, we are determined to put in the last stroke available. Robert Browning describes the death of a grammarian: Racked by pain, still drooping deeper his head into his book. Dead from the waist down, with the death rattle in his throat, "still ground he at grammar." This is the

way of the world at its best. Death is a noble task-master and keeps us busy. It is the inspiration of progress; musters out of service the disabled veterans, making room in the files for new life and fresh courage, and thus the banner of progress is borne forward. And then, how death consecrates life! What were this world without its memories! This winged figure, the mother of grief, carries poppies in her hand, but she opens more eyes than she closes. It is only the tear-washed eyes that read the commonplace text with inspiring accents. How hallowed is the place where the brave man once walked; sacred the chair where the patient one sat and talked; holy the book upon which are left the mind-marks of a gentle spirit vanished! With every death there comes into our life a new cabinet of sanctities. The old volume, the cane or cup, the picture, the empty chair, the favorite word, the happy haunt, these are the real shrines of humanity. Here are to be found the fundamental altars of the race. Worship begins here, aye, worship ends here also. For these sanctities lead us on and up. From the baby shoes, sacred mementoes of holy mothers' grief, up to the shrines consecrated by pilgrim feet, the martyr places, the Bethlehem spots, up and up until the whole earth becomes a sacred mausoleum, consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, the lives of the heroes, the unnamed, but not on that account the unrecorded or unrecounted, triumphs of the humble workers for God. All the way from the earth-worm that makes the soil up through the pioneer who through pestilence and danger subdues it, the patient hand that tills it in cheerful obscurity that the world may be fed, to the loyal legion who laid down their lives in the trenches that their country might be free, until at last we arrive at the ultimate shrine, the permanent beneath all this transient, the everlasting love, the undying principle, the all-pervading and all-adorable spirit. Coleridge has pronounced Blanco White's sonnet "To Night," the greatest sonnet in the English language. In this sonnet is drawn the striking parallel, so familiar and so inevitable, between night and death. Day obscures the great lights; why may not life obscure also? Emerson uses the same figure in impressive fashion, compressing White's fourteen lines into the magnificent couplet:

"Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights
Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home."

Thus it is that death widens our horizon, gives us sympathies that are noble and hopes more inspiring than knowledge.

Let us back again to our sculpture. For the artist has groped his way along beauty lines into thought too subtle for words. How silent, shy and elusive is this figure. The youth scarce can see the angel face. She speaks not; does not explain; does not justify; makes no promises; gives no assurances. And the figure is true to the fact. Death does not explain the riddle of being, but by her and through her we are willing to trust. Once we recognize the benignity of her form, we prefer her benevolent silence, the divine obscurity of her presence, to the garrulous assurances of assumed knowledge. Let us, then, be respectful to the hooded angel; accept with holy cheer her silent mandates. She suggests that which is dearer than your cheaper assurances. There is nothing more deceptive than your comprehensibility. There is nothing more real than the divine incomprehensibility. A God that is understood, an immortality that is already anticipated, described and outlined, is not the God of the devoutest soul, nor is it the immortality that touches life

with the divinest awe and profoundest peace. This beckoning death angel of French suggests that obscure attraction that is akin to that which guides the water fowl to her southern home in winter and her northern nesting places in summer. It is that which inspired Emerson, in his *Terminus*, with trust:—

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Yes, this thought of death as a friend, this revelation through art, does charm every wave of being, and we find ourselves in league with the stars and in the confidences of the lilies. We know that our destiny is somehow linked with that of the flower in the crannied wall. We are willing, aye, happy in the comradeship of the Rhodora to let Emerson again help the artist's interpretation, believing "that beauty is its own excuse for being," and that the self-same power that brought it into being, brought us.

There is something exquisitely comforting in this thought of death as a friend. It is the new-thought. What French has done in clay, Alfred Rethel has done with his pencil in his picture of the old bell-ringer in the tower, away up above the world. After his long service, the artist shows the old man asleep in his oaken chair with a little bird sitting upon the casement of the open window, the old man sleeping the last sleep, while a deeply draped figure with graceful, tender poise is ringing the bell for him. It is death as a friend, relieving the old bell-man of his task, but not interrupting that marker of time that "rings the pauses for men to pray." The German artist did not dare so much as the American sculptor, for beneath the ample mantle we discover the fleshless skeleton, a lurking ghastliness. Our emancipated brother comes into the full truth, that death is an angel as well as a friend, a messenger of God and not of evil. Mr. Gannett has beautifully interpreted this German picture in a poem of the same title, which, in connection with his "What Will the Violets Be?" which was printed for our Easter card a year ago, and "The Green Pastures and Still Waters" that has soothed and strengthened so many, is now published in a little book which makes a fitting Easter offering.

One other interpreter of the new Easter thought, I want to mention, a high collection of verse entitled "A Symphony of the Spirit," compiled by George S. Merriam, a spirit strung to delicate and high sensibilities. It is a collection from the masters of English verse, the bards of the soul,—Wordsworth, Browning, Emerson, Lowell, Tennyson, Whittier and others,—a rare collection of choice spirits summoned unwittingly to help interpret this relief of Mr. French, to lead us into the higher trust of Easter, a dear confiding in the methods of God, a trustful shelter under the mantling of his law. Confidence, not curiosity, most becomes Easter. Patience, not petulance, is the becoming attitude of an immortal spirit. Let us then be worthy this great confidence. We will not fear nor run away. We will

"Counsel not with flesh and blood;
Loiter not for cloak or food;
Right thou feelst, rush to do."

Welcome, then, this thought of death as a friend. Surely science and reason are to-day conspiring with art and religion to put down the last enemy, robbing death of its sting and the grave of its victory. Dear Mother of Grief! Holy Angel of awe and trust! we will not dread thee; we will not flee thee,

neither will we court thee nor fret thee with our idle impatience or imbecile curiosity, but will, nothing daunted, work out our tasks, chisel away, like the youth in French's group, at the sphinx upon which it is given us to work, and then, when thou dost come, we will not ungratefully remonstrate but remember that thou wilt not separate us from the love of God, that "no evil can happen to a good man in life or in death," and that—

"All hope, all memory,
Have their deep springs in thee,
And Love, that else might fade,
By thee immortal made,
Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes."

The Home

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Religion is not to believe, but to *be*.

Mon.—The pearl that is found within the shell of life is duty.

Tues.—The soul is the only Creator we ever see at work.

Wed.—The greatest thing the soul creates is character.

Thur.—Life is worth living, only when it has positive values.

Fri.—We are worth not one whit more than our thoughts and deeds.

Sat.—If you price yourself cheaply, men will not pay it, but if you are priceless, they will offer you all they have.

E. P. POWELL.

"The Madonna of the Lily."

BY CAROL SHEPARD.

Strong, loving mother!
What wonder is't thy child should in his love
Exceed all others?
Thou *believest* in him.
Thou upholdest him.
Not with gaudy baubles
Are thy child's eyes lighted,
But in tender thoughtfulness
A lily pluckest thou,
And with lesson quaint and helpful
Leadest on to love of all that grows.
Sweet thought. But, ah,
Why couldst not thy fate
Midst lilies live its dear life out?
Think'st thou, its life
Would thus have left the world
The brighter, happier spot?

A Nest of Easter Thoughts.

We long to hear the bird-songs
That on, from spring to spring,
The memories of the lost years
Still to the present bring.

I like to think that, sometime and somewhere, souls will find their own.

Continue the work for the world that the dead ones loved, and so see to it that earth loses as little as possible by their departure.

The past is in the future,—
All, one eternity!

M. J. SAVAGE.

The Easter Lily.

Once upon a time a family of Lily Bulbs lived together in the corner of a greenhouse. Above them, on a shelf by the window, stood a tall rose tree so beautiful that everyone felt happier for having looked at its blossoms of glistening pink. The sunbeams came "in a shining crest" to visit the plant and wander among its soft green leaves, or to rest awhile on its lovely flowers.

One little Lily Bulb down in the dark corner never tired of watching the rose, that seemed to her to grow more beautiful every day. In her rough dress of brown she lay quite still and waited, longing to be beautiful too.

She wished so much that the sunbeams would visit her in her quiet corner. Every day she thought of questions she knew they could answer. "They would surely know," she said, "why I must lie here and wait; for every night when their work is finished down here, the great golden sun calls them home to him, and on their way they must meet such a number of people that could tell them, even if they did not know themselves." But the sunbeams never do their work. The squirrels thanked Jack Frost, as they heaped up their piles of nuts, for the Winter days that were to come.

One night the clouds sent millions of feathery snow-flakes through the air, down, down to the ground, and there they spread such a mantle of soft snow over the earth that the flowers smiled in their Winter's sleep, and breathed a "Thank you," for the warm white blanket that lay for many weeks over the "great brown house" where the flowers slept and dreamed of the Spring that was to come.

Under the eaves of the greenhouse roof long icicles hung, and the sunbeams came down now to smile on them and clothe them in all the beautiful colors of the rainbow.

One day Mr. March Wind flew by, and told in his loud voice that Spring would soon be here. And out in the meadows the snow-drops hung their heads and watched for the baby grasses that they might be the first to welcome them.

Then Miss Lily Bulb rubbed her eyes and stretched her little body so hard that *snap!* went the little brown dress from top to toe. "I must have some light and see what can be done," said Lily. So she pushed open the doors of her brown house, and there were the sunbeams to wish her "Good day." But where was Lily's rough dress? It had gone, and in its place was a lovely green one. Lily Bulb felt *so* happy! "Now I know what my work is to be," said she softly to herself; "I am going to grow better and sweeter each day and make everyone about me happy." Day after day she grew higher and higher, and the dress of green was changed into one of glistening white.

"My beautiful Easter Lily!" said the gardener, as he smiled into her shining face. "Oh!" said she, "I am not proud, but so full of joy that I can fill the air with perfume, and that the faces that gaze at me grow sweeter, and the look of a little child comes back to their eyes!"

Courage.

BY J. W. H.

Cheer up, my child, defeat in life
Should never come in vain,
But to thy task, with new-born strife,
Go to thy work again.

Defeat to-day thy hopes may blast,
And bring a tear or frown,
But honest effort will at last
Receive a victor's crown.

A cherished treasure in the possession of a Chicago man is a brief autograph letter written by President Abraham Lincoln in October, 1861, which reads: "The lady—bearer of this—says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged." —*Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*.

LEARN to know all, but keep thyself unknown.—*Iræneus*.

UNITY

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Notes from the Field

The Southern Conference.

The Southern Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches will be held in Atlanta, Ga., April 10th to 12th. The Conference sermon will be preached on Tuesday evening, April 10th, by Rev. C. J. K. Jones, of Louisville, Ky. Papers and addresses are expected from the following named persons: Rev. Messrs. Thayer, Cole, Free, Whitman, Westall, Chaney, Peirce and Messrs. Dixon, Jones and Geo. W. Stone of Wilmington, Del. An important meeting of the Southern Associate Branch of the Women's Alliance will be held on Thursday forenoon, at which ten minute papers or addresses will be given by representative women from all the churches of the Conference.

The following subjects will be treated by the Conference: "The Religious Education of the Young: What to teach; How to teach, and Who should teach?" "The Liberal Church League for Men: How to make it useful." "Co-operation among Liberals in Religion; Reciprocity between Differing Religions; Christian Unity." All friends of the cause are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Learned conducted the services in Unity Church on March 4th, while Mr. Blake, of Chicago, preached there on the 11th, giving a sermon that was both poetic and logical. Miss Bartlett, of Kalamazoo, occupied the pulpit on the 18th and addressed the Unitarian Club on the 20th. On Easter Sunday the Sunday school and church will have joint services, led by Mrs. Learned.

Great Falls, Mont.

A liberal society—the First Liberal Church, it calls itself—has been organized here with J. D. Reid as its minister. Its bond of union reads as follows:

In the freedom of truth and the spirit of edition of the book is entirely exhausted.

love, we whose names are hereunto subscribed, associate ourselves together as the First Liberal Church of the City of Great Falls, Montana, for the worship of God and the service of man.

A Sunday school has also been organized and meets at the close of the regular service.

Greenville, S. C.

The liberal movement here continues. It is small in numbers and meets in private houses, and yet the little band has Sunday school lessons and regular Sunday services with a sermon read by one of their number every week. And they are also accumulating a liberal library.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Unitarian Exhibit at the California Exposition is doing the same missionary work that was done at the World's Fair last year. It is largely frequented by visitors who are very eager for liberal literature of all kinds. The managers of the exhibit find it difficult to supply the demand for free literature, and they would be glad to receive such material from anyone. It can be sent to Rev. C. W. Wendte, Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Rev. B. B. Nagarkar delivered his lecture on "Hindoo Social Manners and Customs" before the Channing Auxiliary, San Francisco, on Feb. 21st. On the 26th he spoke on "The English conquest of India," and on March 1st he will describe "The Rise and Progress of the Brahmo-Somaj."

The Unitarian Club of California met at the Palace Hotel on Feb. 28th, too late for a report in this issue. The theme discussed was "Eastern Thought and Western Life"—a general consideration of the influence upon occidental civilization of the religious conceptions and ideals of the speculative East. Rev. B. B. Nakargar, Prof. W. H. Hudson, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and Rabbi Jacob Vorsanger were the principal speakers.

The committee in charge of the Pacific Unitarian Conference, to be held in San Francisco April 10th to 13th, have formulated a comprehensive program, which will treat fully of Unitarianism—its Men, Methods, Doctrines, Influence, History and Outlook. Sermons are expected from Rev. Dr. Eli Fay and Rev. Dr. J. S. Thompson.—*Pacific Unitarian*.

San Diego, Cal.

Rev. J. Frederic Dutton of San Diego is giving a course of lectures for the benefit of the church, upon Modern Prophets: Goethe, The Prophet of Culture; Wordsworth, The Prophet of Nature; Byron, The Prophet of Despair; Carlyle, The Prophet of Reform; Emerson, The Prophet of Hope; Spencer, The Prophet of Evolution.—*Pacific Unitarian*.

Chicago, Ill.

FIRST CHURCH.—Mr. Fenn's Children's Church is still taking the place of the Sunday school at the First Church. From twenty to forty little ones gather each Sunday morning at ten o'clock and listen to a story from Mr. Fenn and then talk it over with him. And though they may not be learning as much so-called *Sacred* geography and *Sacred* history as some Sunday schools, they are certainly learning to think for themselves.

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The Sunday School

A Sunday School Convention.

It seems to me that it would be an excellent thing if all our Sunday school teachers could meet in convention for a few days and talk over Sunday school matters. The enthusiasm and experience of successful teachers could be imparted to the less successful, and the subject and the methods that had been found to be best could be set forth by those who had tried them. If this could be done, we feel sure that the effect would be seen at once in a new and vigorous growth of our schools.

Of course the great obstacle to such meetings for mutual help is in the long distances that separate our liberal society here in the west. But the need of such interchange of ideas and methods is so great that I venture to suggest a plan for a convention during the coming summer.

Our western Sunday school society will hold its Annual Summer Institute at Tower Hill, in Wisconsin, the first two weeks in August, from the 6th to the 17th. And if all the liberal schools of the west would send one or two delegates there for the four days from August 7th to August 10th, we could have a conference that would do us all good. The Institute work proper—on the Six Years' Course—will occupy only an hour and a half each morning, and all of the rest of the day could be devoted to discussions of methods and results, topics and teachers' meeting, and all the other matters that so perplex the teachers of a liberal Sunday school.

Is such a convention impossible? It seems to me that it is not. I find there are about fifteen schools within one hundred and fifty miles of Tower Hill, over thirty-five within two hundred miles, and over sixty within a radius of three hundred and fifty miles. Tower Hill is a summer resort on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, and consequently round-trip tickets can be had at the rate of two cents a mile on that line. At that rate it would cost the farthest schools only fifteen dollars to send a representative to Tower Hill; while for the thirty-five schools within the two hundred mile limit, the cost would be only eight dollars, and much less for most of them.

Would it not be money well invested for the schools themselves if each of them should pick out its best worker, whether minister, superintendent or teacher, and send him or her to that place to spend the first week of August, to get new inspiration and wisdom and strength for another year? Would not the pupils of any school be glad to pay this sum by additional contributions during the last three months of the school year? It would mean only four or five cents a Sunday for each pupil in the school farthest away and smallest in numbers. Thirty pupils could send a delegate from Sioux City or Omaha, or Kansas City or St. Louis, or Detroit, while a larger school or one nearer could raise the money by giving one or two cents a Sunday in addition to their regular running expenses. And of course more than one delegate could well be sent by most of the schools. The cost while at Tower Hill would not be over a dollar a day at the outside and could be much less, and there are ample accommodations both for the individual and the convention. How many schools will join in this movement and send one or more delegate there next summer?

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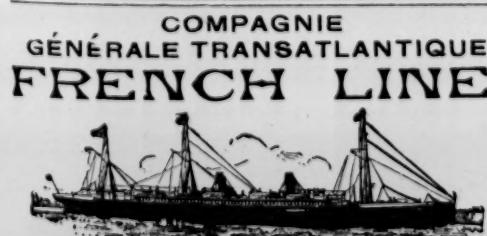
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Correspondence

Mr. Mangasarian's Sermon.

EDITOR UNITY:—Mr. Mangasarian's sermon on "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart, There is no God" (UNITY, March 8) is fine and strong. There are two items of thought, however, from which I wish mildly to dissent.

1. He says: "To hate the wrong is to know how to love the right." It seems to me that hatred in any sense is unethical. Is not hatred the root of much human sorrow? My brother's wrong should beget within me pity, a sentiment that is God-like.

2. It seems to me that there is an implication of over-much pain and sorrow in the world. I conclude that most of us have accepted too much of orthodoxy on this point. The sympathetic imagination is quite alert and paints large pictures. The tramp is not half so miserable, or so wicked as we ordinarily paint him. The animal world is not nearly so sensitive as we assent. When they prey upon each other, the amount of suffering is probably much less, than we presume it to be.

Cordially,

Linneus, Mo. J. W. CALDWELL,

A Question.

EDITOR UNITY:—Some years ago there was a charming account in UNITY of a colored family in the perils of a freshet on the Mississippi. I think it was the mother whose affection for her husband rose to a divine height. I have given you but a meager clue. Perhaps, however, the story impressed you and you may be able to find it for me.

I have greatly enjoyed the last number of UNITY: the just and kind editorial on the first page, regarding the Catholic church; the article on the Theatre, bringing in Keal's most impressive poem; and that on orphans,—are all delightful.

I am not sure that it was in UNITY I saw the beautiful poem: "A Prayer," beginning, "Infinite Nearness," by A. A. O. If it is well worth re-printing, and should you want it, I will send you a copy. E. S. M.

[Can any of our readers inform E. S. M., through UNITY, what issue of UNITY the story asked for appeared? We republish A. A. O.'s "Prayer."—ED.]

We Dwell in God, as the Fishes Dwell in the Sea.

EDITOR OF UNITY: "We dwell in God, as the fishes dwell in the sea," is a quotation that appears in this week's UNITY, but an elaboration of the same idea can be found in Conway's Sacred Anthology, and is there attributed to an early Persian poet—Firdausi, who said:

Once upon a time the fishes of a certain river took counsel together, and said: "They tell us that our life and being is from water, but we have never seen water, and know not what it is." Then some among them, wiser than the rest, said: "We have heard that there dwelleth in the sea a very wise and learned fish who knoweth all things; let us journey to him and ask him to show us water, or explain unto us what it is." So, several of their number set out upon their travels, and at last came to the sea wherein this sage fish resided. On hearing their request, he answered them thus:

O ye who seek to solve the knot!
Ye live in God, yet know him not.
Ye sit upon the river's brink,
Yet crave in vain a drop to drink.
Ye dwell beside a countless store,
Yet perish hungry at the door.

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He has been very successful, and his book is one especially to be recommended to those who have lost their faith in the old Bible of tradition and dogma, and need to be shown the substantial worth of what criticism leaves unharmed of literary value and spiritual quickening.—*The New World*.

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The Study Table

Gorton's "Monism of Man."**

**"THE MONISM OF MAN." By D. A. Gorton, M.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1893. Cloth, 8vo, pp. xxxi. + 297. \$2.00.

This book is not milk for babes, but pretty tough meat for adults. It needs a good deal of chewing; but for those able to digest its teachings it will afford nourishment. It is something more than a book of quotations; and yet the author, who has been a wide and critical reader along the line of cerebral physiology and related subjects, has loaded his pages with the brilliant sentences from several scores of recent writers. Indeed, one of the chief values of this work lies in the mass of cases brought together in Parts II. and III., illustrative of the intimate relations of mind and body. The interaction both ways is illustrated by many remarkable examples, which, if they do not prove the author's theory, do reveal and emphasize the vast mysteries of our common human nature.

To criticise the volume in detail would compel a discussion of the greatest problems of philosophy,—something not possible here. Besides the relation of life and matter, of soul and body, it discusses the great themes, The Natural and the Supernatural, The Unity of Divine and Human Agency, and The Scope of Inductive Philosophy. Suffice it to say that Dr. Gorton, in this well written and finely printed treatise faces these vast themes in a manly and forcible manner, evidently feeling sure that the theory of *Monism* is the perfect solution of the mysteries of human life.

But in nearly all affirmations respecting *Monism*, and the theories under the general head display great differences, it is easy to lay hands on the vitiating "mere assumption," which has crept in unawares. Many still feel with the great Tyndall who has just passed from us, that it is better to say frankly: I find myself in the presence of two orders of facts, the phenomena of consciousness and the phenomena of brain functions, very intimately associated, but how connected or related no one can tell. Certainly, to attempt to bridge the chasm by inventing and using the term, "Mental physiology," is a mere verbal trick, which needs rebuke (though it fall on so great and noble a man as Dr. Carpenter), and not a philosophical method of thought.

J. H. C.

WE have received a twenty-four page syllabus of the Special Course in Jewish History and Literature of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, covering the period from the return of the Jews from Babylon to the Christian era, prepared by Prof. Richard J. H. Gottheil, of Columbia College. This is a part of the Chautauqua Department of Jewish Studies, under the care of a committee of which Dr. Henry Berkowitz, of Philadelphia, is chairman, and is one of the evidences of breadth and vision of the Chautauqua leaders.

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY, of the Funk & Wagnalls Co., is a work of which its publishers may well be proud. The first volume, in a handsome Russia binding, with Denison's patent reference index, is now before us. In *UNITY* of July 6th, last year, the chief features of the new dictionary, as described in the elaborate prospectus, were set forth; and so far as we have been able to test it in the few days it has been in our hands, we have found the plan well and accurately carried out. Of the many new features of this dictionary there is but one which seems to us to call for adverse criticism, and that is

putting first the most usual sense in which the word is now used. To many this will seem a decided improvement, and doubtless it will be of advantage to the school-boy and the ignorant man; but nevertheless it seems to us that it is of most importance, for a true understanding of a word, that its historical development and gradual modification of meaning; from the concrete to the abstract, should be made to appear. Be this as it may, as a whole the work is an admirable one, and the convenient size of the volume is one of the best points in its favor.

F. W. S.

The Magazines.

CURRENT HISTORY has now completed its record of the history of the past four years. The information it contains, embracing almost every conceivable *live* topic of the day, is not elsewhere readily obtainable in concise and readable form. The connecting threads which the reader loses in his perusal of the daily papers are here gathered up and woven every three months into a form which presents a complete birds'-eye view of the world's progress in all departments of activity, concise and yet so comprehensive that nothing of weight is lost and the relative importance of events is preserved. The elaborate twenty-eight page index given with the present number, is sufficient to enable the reader to find *what* he wants just *when* he wants it. A few of the most important topics treated in the current number are: the Hawaiian and Tariff questions; the business and industrial situation, giving statistics of this most remarkable year; the causes and significance of the naval revolt in Brazil; the naval balance of power in Europe; the Gravesend affair; the Chinese question; South Carolina liquor dispensary law; Prohibition movement in Canada; Socialism and Anarchy in Europe; Australasian federation; the Matabele war; the progress of Astronomical discovery; photography in natural colors; and a sketch of the career of Francis Parkman. (\$1.50 a year. Single copy 40 cents. Sample copy 25 cents. Specimen pages sent on application).

THE UNION SIGNAL for Feb. 22, is a *Neal* Dow number, anticipating by about a month the ninetieth anniversary of the strong old man's birth. The leading article is a very brief, but well written article on General Dow's career as a man of business, publicist, soldier and reformer. It would seem that the self repression of his Quaker ancestry had but served to store up in him a large amount of fighting power.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for February is a beautiful production. It is the alleged "illustrations," however, that give it its value. The reading matter, except in so far as it is illustrative of the illustrations, is not at all superior.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE for February has two thoughtful articles, that by Dr. Chunn, of Luverne, Minn., on "The Forward Movement in Religion," and that by Mr. Coolridge on "The Marriage Problem."

THE FORUM for March has but one article that might not properly be called sociological, that by Rev. John W. Chadwick on "Lowell in his Letters." There are two articles on the income tax, *pro* and *con.*, by David A. Wells and Congressman Hall respectively; two on current plans for reforming society, also *pro* and *con.*, by Mr. Bellamy and Prof. Sumner respectively; one on "The Gothenburg System and Our Liquor Traffic," by Dr. Gould, of the Labor Department; "Recent Railroad Failures and their Lessons," by Simon Sterne; "Colonization as a Remedy for City Poverty," by Prof. Peabody, of Harvard; "Stability of the Great Religious Sects," by H. K. Carroll, which contains some rather

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IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for March, Prof. Richard T. Ely's "Natural Monopolies and the Workingman"—which is in substance the paper he presented to the Labor Congress last summer—is the most important contribution.

IN LEND-A-HAND, for February, the most important contributions are that on "Government Intelligence Offices" and the tables in the article on "Homes for Workingmen."

IN the March number of *Babyhood* Dr. J. H. Rhein has an article on what is usually called a "cold in the head," a slight trouble in itself, yet one which, as he shows, may easily become in children a mischief-making disease. Another medical article of interest to mothers is one by Dr. C. W. Smith, on some of the early symptoms of chronic diseases in children. Other subjects discussed are the baby's carriage and all its belongings, the art of interesting the little ones, the way of making obedience easy, etc. The medical editor answers many questions raised by anxious mothers, and the departments of Baby's Wardrobe," "Nursery Helps and Novelties," etc., furnish the usual number of practical hints. *Babyhood* has just entered upon its tenth year, and sustains its reputation as an indispensable mother's nursery guide. More than 100 physicians are among its contributors. \$1 per year. Sample copies free. *Babyhood* Publishing Co., 5 Beekman Street, New York.

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